

NEBRASKA WOMAN'S
SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION

EQUAL SUFFRAGE PROGRAM

FOR THE
SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES
NEBRASKA PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Presented by the Education
Committee of the Nebraska
Woman's Suffrage Association

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NEBRASKA WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION

Mrs. Draper Smith, President, Omaha, Nebraska

Education Committee

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Associate Members

One associate member of the committee in each educa-
tional institution of Collegiate or Academic rank in the
state.

The success of this program depends in large part upon the enthusiasm of the teacher and the thoroughness with which teacher and students do their parts of the work.

It is recommended that the entire program be committed to memory and given in a bright, spirited, distinct manner.

It is further recommended that the program be given in the evening, whenever possible.

When local touches or coloring can be added so much the better.

When given in schoolhouses it might be well to have a map of the United States, with the equal suffrage states colored white, drawn upon a blackboard with the legend "Shall Nebraska be a white state next November?" Telling equal suffrage sentiments might also be written upon the blackboards.

The committee will be glad to hear from the teacher of each school which presents this program in regard to the number of persons in the audience, the number of voters and any comments or criticisms upon the program as a whole.

(The Education Committee has prepared these programs: one for mature persons, one for high schools, one for 7th and 8th grades. Address Nebraska Woman's Suffrage Association, Lincoln, Nebraska.)

PROGRAM

Song—"Bring the Glad New Bugle, Folks"

Recitation—"A Suffrage Baby"

Recitation—"It Doesn't Unsex Her"

Recitation—"Child Labor"

Song and March—"The Little Suffragists"

Recitation—"Where Shall It Be?"

Tableau—"Five Voters"

Recitation—"The Old Settler's View"

Song and March—"A Song of Suffrage"

Tableau—"Uncle Sam's Gallantry"

Recitation—"Equal Suffrage Sentiments"

Play—"Petitioning in Harvey"

Song—"We'll Win, People"

BRING THE GLAD NEW BUGLE, FOLKS

(For the entire school. Air: "Marching Through Georgia.")

1

Bring the glad new bugle, folks,
We'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit, that will help the cause along;
Sing it as our mothers sing it
Forty thousand strong,
While we go marching for suffrage.

CHORUS

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll bring the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah, we're suffragists you see,
So we'll shout the chorus,
From Nebraska to each sea,
While we go marching for suffrage.

2

Women surely have some rights but they'll never get the
vote,
So the saucy "antis" say and 'tis a handsome boast,
But they do forget, alas! to reckon with our host,
While we are marching for suffrage.

CHORUS

A SUFFRAGE BABY

(To be spoken by a little child)

I'm an equal suffrage baby,
And I need my mother's vote.
She always knows what's good for me,
And that's a thing to note!

They say my milk's in politics,
My food and all I wear,
Street cleaning—sanitation—
Let my mother do her share.

So please give her the ballot,
For she loves her home and me,
And can't help you adjust things
Without voting, don't you see?

IT DOESN'T UNSEX HER

It doesn't unsex her to toil in a factory
Minding the looms from the dawn till the night;
To deal with a schoolful of children refractory
Doesn't unsex her in anyone's sight;
Work in a store—where her back aches inhumanly—
Doesn't unsex her at all, you will note,
But think how exceedingly rough and unwomanly
Woman would be if she happened to vote!

CHILD LABOR

No fledgling feeds the father bird!

No chicken feeds the hen!

No kitten mouses for the cat—

This glory is for men.

We are the wisest, strongest race—

Loud may our praise be sung!—

The only animal alive

That lives upon its young!

—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman.*

THE LITTLE SUFFRAGISTS

(Air: "Solomon Levi." From any college song book.)

(If it is possible, let eight, twelve or sixteen little girls give a simple marching drill carrying pennants or banners upon which the words "Votes for Women" are written. A flag, broom or wand drill will be found helpful. At the close of the drill, let them march to the front of the stage and sing.)

1

Oh, we're the little suffragists,
Who long to do our part,
And take the stand, our mothers take,
The cause we know by heart,
Our daddies long have had full sway,
But they'll soon lose that chance,
When we get out to win the votes,
For mothers and sisters and aunts.

CHORUS

Oh, equal suffrage,—suffrage tra la, la, la,
Hurrah for women's right to vote,
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, la,
Oh we're the little suffragists,
Who long to do our part (etc. as first stanza).

2

The platform that we stand upon
You'll find is good and true,
We want the best men in the land,
The finest women, too,
To serve our country, school or home
With better rights for all
And make America the land
That people will extol.

CHORUS

WHERE SHALL IT BE?

(To be recited by a girl. Where that is not possible, the teacher might give it as a reading.)

We're going to move out west! O, goody, goody, goody! When? Next spring, father says. But we don't know exactly where yet. Father says that depends upon how the men of Nebraska vote next November! Let me tell you how it is: You see there are nine of us: Father and mother, John, Bess, George, Julius and Julia the twins, Mildred and myself. I'm next oldest to Bess. Then, there's Shock; but mother says we mustn't count our dog when we are counting ourselves. We call him Shock, for that's what he did to mother when she came home after being gone a few days and found him here. So, without counting Shock, there are nine of us. Father says such a big family should grow up on a big farm and then he thinks the west is best for boys and girls to grow up in and for women and men to live in! Father has traveled all over the country many times and knows how things are. Mother laughs and says, "I think just as father does about the west." And so it is decided that we are going west, and we children can scarcely wait! Mother said to father today, "Richard, don't you think we might decide now in which state we shall make our home?" And father replied, "All right, Emily; get the children and the atlas and let's talk it over." At that Bess and John and George and I ran for the atlas. Mother took our fat, brown-eyed, curly-haired baby Mildred in her arms, and Julius and Julia, the twins, climbed up on father's knees. Then we all listened with both eyes and ears! For, haven't we older children stretched out on the library rug for hours over this same map of the United States trying to decide where our new home is to be. We never can agree, for George wants to live in the mountains where he can hunt bears, and Bess likes Louisiana because it is colored so prettily on the map and has such a pretty sound, and John likes Oklahoma best because most Indians live there, and I want to live in some state where our nearest town will

be "Lincoln," for Abraham Lincoln was born on my birthday and I would have been named "Lincoln" if I had been a boy. Now, there we were, all crowded around father and mother with the atlas in father's hands, and we were really going to decide where we are to live! Father said calmly, "I think each individual should have the largest possible opportunity to develop his individual life. As I look at you children you seem to be different in mental and physical qualities, but equal in intelligence and moral purpose. We ought to go where each of you may enjoy the right to earn an honest living and to protect your property with your vote as well as with your influence. You should grow into independent men and women who have a right to express their ideas with pen and voice and vote for the good of human society. I wish all this for each of you and for your mother first of all. Then, naturally, we must go to one of the equal suffrage states. Equal suffrage will come here in New York and in every other state in time—but I wish for your mother the opportunity very soon to express in the effective way of the ballot-box some of her splendid ideas, and I wish you children to be brought up in the broad and inspiring atmosphere of equality before the law. We know that each of these states has very strong, good qualities," he added, "otherwise it would not be an equal suffrage state. For our purpose today, however, we will consider only those qualities of each state which makes it prohibitive for us as a home." Mother looked up happy and proud and said, "But which state, father? Shall it be Illinois?" "No, not Illinois," said father, "although Illinois is sure to give her people full equal suffrage soon. In Illinois land is held at too high a price to attract the home-making farmer; the mud is too deep and Illinois isn't really 'out west' any more." "How about Alaska, then?" said mother, her eyes twinkling. "Alaska, Mother, Alaska! take you and these babies to Alaska where there are nine months of winter every year and where the sun goes out of sight for weeks at a time! Not for all the gold in the Klondike!" said father hastily. "Then perhaps it will be Washington,—or Oregon—or Cali-

fornia?" Father was thoughtful for some time and we children began to get excited for we thought of all the oranges, bananas and poppies in California! But father and mother never liked to have us "chip in," as George says, at such a time, so we waited. "Not Washington,—nor California,—nor Oregon," father said finally. "These states have been over-boomed, the good land is owned by the rich men, the struggle between the rich and the poor in these Pacific states is very bitter." Then said mother, moving her finger over the map, "Shall it be Idaho?" "Not Idaho," father promptly answered, "that state is largely a lava bed where the few desirable spots are already owned and held at a prohibitive figure. Nor Arizona," continued father, "which is composed mostly of Mexicans, mountain scenery and cactus. Nor Utah, where we would see on every hand the results of polygamy, if not polygamy itself. Wyoming? I should like to live in Wyoming because it was the pioneer in equal suffrage ranks. But Wyoming is too much of a sage brush desert to suit my purposes," he added regretfully. "Colorado," he continued, "has been the state of anarchy for the past dozen years, where laboring men and capitalists are blowing each other up and shooting each other down! No, not Colorado." "Well, then," said mother, brightening, "by the process of elimination it must be Kansas, for Kansas is the only other equal suffrage state." We children weren't happy at that, for somehow not one of us had picked out Kansas, so we listened breathlessly to what father should say. "Yes, Emily, it may be Kansas, with its great fields of alfalfa and winter wheat, its rich soil and progressive people. We could be most happy in Kansas, were it not for just one thing. There is a better state just north." At that John exclaimed, "Hurrah for Nebraska, where there are a greater variety of nest-building birds than in any other state! My bird book says so!" And Bess added enthusiastically, "Nebraska! Where there are a greater number of wild grasses than in New York or any other state, our teacher told us so." Mother's face lighted in a way it does at times and she said, "Nebraska has led all

the states for years in having the largest per cent of her people able to read and write. And don't you recall how Susan described the Nebraska skies? She said there were none finer in Italy than those of Western Nebraska." Father smiled at our enthusiasm and went on: "Nebraska is younger than Kansas and less developed. There is less rock and more smooth prairie. The population is only two-thirds that of Kansas, while the state has practically the same area. Figures show that Nebraska raises more wealth upon her farms for each family engaged in farming than is shown by any other state in the Union. Nebraska has given the world Arbor Day, which means the planting of trees and the creation of homes. That's the reason, children, why the little children born in Nebraska are, by an act of the legislature, called 'tree-planters.' The first homestead in the United States was taken in Nebraska. Nebraska people are composed of the best class of American-born citizens and, besides these, colonies of industrious and intelligent Germans, Irish, Swedes, Bohemians and Poles, all of whom have blended into a most interesting community. The Nebraska women! I wish, Emily, you might know the Nebraska women! They are a compliment to the human race! They were the bravest of pioneers and are the best of wives and mothers! The young women do three-fourths of the teaching in Nebraska's splendid public schools and carry off the honors as students at the Nebraska State University! Nebraska men, too, are a fine company! They have led in successful farming and business and are now showing great interest in conservation. They need more than anything else just now to adopt progressive principles in their government and policies of state which shall invite the best and most progressive people to continue to settle in their midst. A great opportunity is theirs this fall when they vote upon the equal suffrage amendment. If this amendment carries it will bring justice to those splendid Nebraska women and also it will bring to Nebraska thousands of other families determined to make their homes in a wideawake, progressive state. I have faith

that Nebraska men will rise to their opportunity and place Nebraska upon the map as the eleventh and best of all the equal suffrage states." "Hurrah for Nebraska!" we all shouted. "Hurrah for the eleventh white state!" And now we shall watch with every mail for suffrage news from Nebraska, for that determines whether or not we shall go to Nebraska to make our home!

FIVE VOTERS

(Tableau)

Arrange stage as voting place. A three-panel screen will do for voting booth. Five boys in costumes of negro, dude, black-hand-man, drunkard and good citizen. Girl dressed in white stands at one side and watches the men cast their ballots.

THE OLD SETTLERS' VIEW

We talked about the dugout days
The other night around a blaze
Of chunks chopped from Nebraska trees
We planted back in sixty-eight:
The twisted hay fire's smoky tease,
The dirt floor rug beneath our feet,
The shingled sod, the worn tin plate,
Came back their story to repeat
When we set out to build the state.

A pioneer rose up and said:
"Jest skelp fur me my old gray head
"Ef I'd a-ever held my claim
"Except fur my Almiry Jane;
"She kep' the county taxes paid,—
"She held the fort that Injin raid,—
"She argid in the days of drouth
"That luck would turn as sure as Fate,
"That God would fill His children's mouths
"And give us help to build the state."

A homesteader (his eyes were wet,)
Spoke next: "I never shall forget
"The hard times that we struggled through,
"The sickness and the mortgage, too;—
"Nor, when the welcome children came
"And played about our sod house claim
"Who fought for our first district school,
"And held her own in joint debate
"Till neighbors said, 'That them should rule
" 'As raised the children for the State.' "

So first one, then the other 'greed
That woman folks had done the deed;
Had held the homestead on the plains
Through years of drouth and years of rain;
Had given men the grit to stay
When they would rather run away;
Had planted church and public school,
Had raised the children, strong and straight:
So we're all headed fur Home Rule:
Let the women vote who build the State!

A SONG OF SUFFRAGE

(Air: "Battle Hymn of the Republic.")

(Let twelve girls give a marching drill, and sing the following song, afterwards. Each one of the twelve bears the name on a sash or banner of an equal suffrage state, with the date when the franchise was given. Alaska is included in the number, also Nebraska, 1914.)

Our eyes have seen the coming of the equal suffrage cause,
 Though "antis" may deride us, in our march, we'll never
 pause,
 They may hope to stay our progress and may pick a mil-
 lion flaws,
 But we'll keep marching on.

CHORUS

Equal, equal, equal suffrage states
 Equal, equal, equal suffrage states
 Equal, equal, equal suffrage states
 And we'll keep marching on.

2

We represent the band of equal suffrage states,
 Each granting rights to women at very different dates,
 We're working well together, man and woman, equal mates,
 And we are marching on. [CHORUS]

3

There's Washington, and Oregon and California, too,
 Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, good and true,
 Utah, Arizona and you see we're quite a few,
 While we keep marching on. [CHORUS]

4

'Twas great to have Alaska hear the equal suffrage call,
 Illinois and plucky Kansas did not hesitate at all,
 And Nebraska, dear Nebraska will be with us in the fall,
 While we keep marching on. [CHORUS]

UNCLE SAM'S GALLANTRY

(Tableau)

Uncle Sam and Columbia in costume. Uncle Sam pre-
 sents large bouquet with placard, "The Ballot," to Columbia.
 (Columbia bows but remains seated.)

EQUAL SUFFRAGE SENTIMENTS

(The teacher will use these as she thinks best. A few or all of them might be given by several students, from the platform or from the floor.)

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. By no means excluding women!"

JAMES BRYCE: "No country owes more to its women than America."

REV. CHARLES AKED, San Francisco: "Nothing since the Coming of Christ ever promised so much for the ultimate good of the human race as the intellectual, moral and political emancipation of woman."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE: "I leave to others to speak of suffrage as a right or a privilege. I speak of it as a duty. What right have you women to leave all this work of caring for the country to men? Is it not your country as well as theirs? Are not your children to live in it after you are gone? And are you not bound to contribute whatever faculty God has given you to make it and keep it a pure, safe and happy land?"

MAUD ADAMS: "When women begin to use their brains and think for themselves they believe in equal suffrage."

WILL IRWIN: "The worst thing about woman's suffrage is that there is no argument against it."

MARY JOHNSTON: "The pivotal mistake was in letting women learn the alphabet."

SELMA LAGERLOF: "Woman's creation is the home, man's creation is the state. The home at its best at present is better than the state. Woman had and has man for her helper in making the home. Man needs woman as his helper in making the state."

RESOLUTION ADOPTED AT A GENERAL SESSION OF THE NEBRASKA STATE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION at Omaha, November 8, 1912: "Since the great and grave responsibility of the teachers of our country is the training of the youth to realize the duties, rights and privileges of citizenship, and since the ability adequately to accomplish this work demands not only the knowledge of the functions of citizenship but also the right to exercise them, we favor the granting of the right of suffrage to the women of our state."

JAMES E. DELZELL, State Superintendent: "I was more than pleased to have the State Teachers' Association go on record in favor of giving the right of suffrage to the women of Nebraska. I am pleased to know equal suffrage literature is being sent to the different schools so that the pupils of the the schools may become familiar with the suffrage movement. It is only a matter of time until equality of suffrage will be granted to all women in the United States."

C. A. FULMER, Chancellor Wesleyan University: "I know of no reason why suffrage should not be extended to women. I know of many reasons why it should. I believe that woman suffrage would elevate standards of civilization and of citizenship. I am heartily in favor of it."

DR. FRED MORROW FLING, University of Nebraska: "There is no truth in the statement that women unsex themselves when they participate in the public welfare movements. They don't become real women until they have reached these heights. It is a loss to society when but one-half of its members participate in the work for the good of society. Only by an equal participation will we attain to the highest degree of perfection."

DR. LAWRENCE ABBOTT, Outlook: "I am a comparatively recent convert. I find that almost every woman who faces for herself or for others the economic problem believes in and hopes for suffrage."

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: "It is the right of woman to have the ballot; it is the duty of man to give it and we all

need woman's help as we try to solve the many and terrible problems set before us."

HON. DAVID J. BREWER, Justice U. S. Supreme Court: "Female suffrage will not debase the home or lessen its power and influence. On the other hand it will introduce a refining and uplifting power into our political life."

HON. ROBT. M. LAFOLLETTE, U. S. Senator from Wisconsin: "I have always believed in woman suffrage to the same extent as man suffrage for the reason that the interests of men and women are not superior nor antagonistic one to the other, but are mutual and inseparable."

GIFFORD PINCHOT: "Equal suffrage is coming, as it ought to come, for the good and sufficient reason that to the welfare of the race, and its future, the work and point of view of the woman is more important than the work and point of view of the men."

MARY E. WOOLLEY, President of Mt. Holyoke College: "The time will come when one shall look back upon the arguments against granting the suffrage to women with as much incredulity as we now read the arguments against their education."

JULIA WARD HOWE: "The weapon of Christian warfare is the ballot, which represents the peaceful assertion of conviction."

JANE ADDAMS, Hull House, Chicago: "May we not fairly say that American women need the ballot in order to preserve the home?"

DR. G. E. HOWARD, University of Nebraska: "I believe in woman suffrage because it is humanly right and socially just. Because it will benefit woman herself. Because more and more modern law and administration concern the things in which woman has been expert. Because the ballot is needed to stop the exploitation of the labor of women and children through low wages for high service, thus driving men out of employment. Because eventually it will do

away with the dual standard of morality. Because everywhere experts in the study of social science and the great leaders of democracy are for equal suffrage: while everywhere, without exception, the vicious and predatory interests are against it. Because wherever women have had the ballot they have made active and wise use of it."

MRS. WOOLSEY: "Russia was the first government in Christian Europe to grant wives the right to individually hold and control property, the first government to grant to large numbers of women any political recognition. Throughout the length and breadth of that vast empire, wives are mistresses of their own fortunes and all woman-householders can vote either direct or by proxy in municipal matters."

IDA HUSTED HARPER: "Not a majority of any class, even of men, ever demanded the franchise. It will be granted to women when the majority of men can be brought to see that it is as much a woman's right as a man's, and when political exigencies will allow them to vote according to their convictions."

H. H. GARDNER: "A sovereign race cannot be born of subject mothers."

BISHOP KEANE, Cheyenne, Wyoming: "As to the Catholic women in my diocese, I do not find that the right of suffrage has drawn them either out of their homes or out of the church, and I think there need be no fear of that result in California."

BISHOP BERNARD J. MCQUAID: "It fills me with joy when I think of the many changes that will be brought about when women have the right of suffrage. They will defy the politicians, and vote as any Christian man should and would vote if he had the moral courage."

FATHER DUAN, Eau Claire, Wisconsin: "The Catholic church has taken no position on the suffrage question. My personal opinion is that there is no reason why every woman should not be given the right to vote. Women have

as much intelligence as men, and could cast their ballots as intelligently on the public questions as most of the men."

BISHOP SCANNELL, Omaha, Nebraska: "Why should men try to keep women from voting? If they want the ballot I, for one, can see no moral reason why they should not have it. I am sure that a majority of good women are capable mentally and morally of voting just as intelligently as men of the same class."

PETITIONING IN HARVEY

(Characters in the play: 9 boys, 4 girls)

EZRA BIGGERS, groceryman, wears a dirty apron.

MAMIE BIGGERS, clerk, hair done exaggeratedly, chews gum.

JIM WHEATLEY, loafer.

JOE NICKERSON, loafer, young.

LUCY FRAYNE, widow, suffragist.

MARY MALLORY, college graduate, suffragist.

SQUIRE TUTT, village skinflint, elderly, seedy.

PROFESSOR STRAIGHT, principal of village school, middle aged, pleasant.

ECKTO CARPUS, old negro, poor but polite.

DOCTOR BAINES, obstinate old soul, worthy and kind hearted.

MRS. GABBY, a model disciplinarian.

TOMMY GABBY, an imp of mischief whom discipline does not disturb.

REVEREND WHITE, young minister with high ideals.

The play is built elastically and can be lengthened or shortened as to the needs of the program.

The setting may be elaborate or simple according to the wish of the producer.

A teacher's desk, covered with a cloth reaching to the floor, serves as a counter. Some baskets of apples, potatoes or other vegetables distributed about, several packages of breakfast food on the counter, some canned goods, will add to the effect of the old fashioned country store. Also the stove may be replaced by a cracker barrel as a center of attraction for the loafers. They whittle and play checkers and talk in low tones. Biggers helps them when not busy. Suffragists reading their pamphlets while other action goes on.

SCENE:

Biggers' corner grocery. Ezra Biggers behind the counter; Mamie, his assistant, in corner reading a novel; his apron is smeary, she chews gum. Jim Wheatley and Joe Nickerson by the stove whittling.

B.—Fine mornin', all right, boys. The weather clerk don't send better weather anywhere than he does to Harvey.

JIM—Naw. (Pause.) They had a shootin' match at Luke Bixby's yestiddy.

B.—Who shot?

JIM—Same ol' crowd. But who do ye think won the prize?

B.—Who, Bart Taylor?

JIM—Naw. Mrs. Billy Dexter. She an' Billy come

over, all toggged up in cityfied clo'es, an' I'll be gum-swizzled if she couldn't outshoot the whole bunch. What won't women do next?

B.—We'll have a women's army, I reckon? They hed a meetin' at Mis' Baines last week to circulate a petition for women suffrage here in Harvey. Mary Mallory and Lucy Frayne are goin' to pass it 'round. One of 'em's goin' to stay here and ask all my customers and the other'n will be makin' a house to house canvass. Ain't that the limit?

JOE—Here comes Mis' Frayne now.

Enter Lucy Frayne with paper and pamphlets.

LUCY—A fine morning, Mr. Biggers. Won't you reconsider your last night's decision not to sign our petition?

B.—I couldn't do it, Mrs. Frayne. It's agin my principles.

LUCY—Well, anyhow, it's kind of you to let us use your store as a station. May I have this corner? (Arranges chair comfortably, puts papers on small table.) Wouldn't you sign up, Mr. Wheatley and Mr. Nickerson?

JOE—As Mr. Biggers says, it's agin my principles, ma'am.

JIM—Same here, ma'am.

LUCY—Why, gentlemen, why?

JIM—Oh, I jist don't believe in it, that's all.

JOE—Same here, ma'am.

LUCY—Well, take these papers and read a bit in them. They may serve to change your belief. (Gives papers and returns to table.)

Enter Professor Straight.

B.—Howdy, Professor. What kin I do fer you?

PROF.—My wife sent down this list of things. Will you put them up for me? (Gives list.)

B.—(Reads list to himself.) We ain't got no sardines in.

PROF.—Never mind, Give me a bottle of pickles instead. I don't like sardines. (Biggers moves away collecting articles and wrapping them. Lucy comes forward with paper in hand.)

LUCY—Professor Straight, I wish to ask a favor of you. Will you give us your signature on this petition for woman suffrage?

PROF.—A Suffrage Petition? Good! I'm glad one is being circulated here. I am heartily in favor of it. I should like to have every school teacher, at least, a voting citizen. (Signs.) I wouldn't hire a Swede to teach me Italian, and I don't believe in hiring persons who are not citizens and never can become such, to teach children citizenship. (Biggers approaches with an enormous collection of packages.) Good heavens, Biggers, are those all mine? My charge account will go soaring this month. (Holds out his arms.) Here, pile 'em on. (Biggers stacks the packages awkwardly, some of them drop. Mrs. Frayne picks up the last one and puts it in the heap in his arms.) Thank you, Mrs. Frayne. Good morning. (Goes out carefully.)

Enter Mary Mallory in haste. Rushes up to Lucy and takes her hand.

MARY—My dear, I hurried just as much as I could but I had to sew a button on my coat and I had the most trouble with it. How is the work going?

LUCY—Why, well, my dear. Professor Straight has signed already this morning, and I got forty on the list yesterday. You probably won't get so many in the morning; the afternoon is when you meet most of them. Well, I must fly away to my canvassing. I'm late already.

MARY—Luck to you, Lucy. Where's the pencil? (Lucy hands her pencil and goes out. Mary settles herself at the table and rearranges papers.)

MARY (to Mamie)—Why, hello, Mamie; I didn't see you before. Have you read any of our suffrage literature?

MAMIE—Oh gee! no. I'd rather read this. (Holds up novel.) It's awful excitin'.

MARY—Well, when you finish it, look some of these over, won't you?

MAMIE—Well, maybe. (Returns to her book.)

Enter Squire Tutt, who speaks through his nose.

Sq. T.—Good mornin', Biggers, good mornin'.

B.—Mornin', Squire.

Sq. T.—Haow do ye sell yer coffee, Biggers?

B.—Got some 40c a pound, some 50, some 30 and—Which'll ye have, Squire?

Sq. T.—I never did b'lieve in drinkin' such expensive stuff. S'manthy's sick this mornin'. What kind does she generally git?

B.—Mis' Tutt usually gits the 30c, but this here 40c is mighty fine, lemme tell ye.

Sq. T.—Thirty cents a paound! We'll have ter quit drinkin' coffee. Ain't ye got any cheaper?

B. (Leans over to Sq. T.)—Well, Squire, we got one package the rats got at down sullen and I could let ye have a pound fer 15c, I reckon. It's regular 30c brand. But I feel kinda squeamish about sellin' it.

Sq. T.—Wrap me up a paound then. (He counts out the money from a full purse, two nickels and four pennies.) I can't locate that other cent, Biggers, ye'll have to give it to me fer fourteen.

B.—I'll jest weigh it a little short, Squire, and that'll make it all right. (Puts money in drawer and starts down cellar. Squire proceeds toward front door. Mary comes toward him with her paper and pencil.)

MARY—Good morning, Squire Tutt.

Sq. T.—Mornin', Miss Mallory. Haow's yer ma?

MARY—Why, she's quite well this morning, thank you, Squire. I wonder if you wouldn't give me your signature for this petition here. We are trying to get the most influential men in every community into our movement and so I am asking you among the first.

Sq. T. (Pleased)—Wal, yes, I hev been accaounted a infloential citizen of Harvey. My name ud get a whole lot of signers, I reckon. What is it, some church workin's? (In sudden fright) Ye don't hev to *pay* anything do ye?

MARY—Oh no, no money required, Squire. This is a Votes for Women petition.

Sq.—Votes for Women! Why, Mary Mallory, what does your ma say abaout this?

MARY—Mother is glad to have me do it. Won't you sign here, please? I know that you would be willing to give us women a chance.

Sq. T.—Wimmin's place is at home, takin' care of the household. They ain't got no business in politics. Why, the wimmin wouldn't know nothin' abaout it. Wimmin votin', indeed! I'm surprised, surprised! Don't St. Paul say, "Let the wimmin keep silent in the churches?" They ain't got no business in politics.

MARY—Squire Tutt, when politics is on the same plane as the church is, we women will be perfectly willing to keep silent. But as it is, we rather want to go in and elevate politics. You know your wife can do a thoro' job house-cleaning at home, she can run a house on a mighty small allowance of money, she can read the newspapers as well as you can, and I don't see why she couldn't vote as intelligently. She would know how to save money in running an institution, anyhow. Better sign, Squire. She or some other woman might invent a money-saving plan of government that would cut down your taxes.

Sq. T. (Who has grown more and more horrified during Mary's speech)—S'manthy Tutt wantin' to vote and savin' money! Why, all wimmin are by nater extravagant, S'manthy specially. Why, she's always been buyin' 30c coffee an' this very mornin' I bot a pound for 14c. Don't point that pencil at me. Wimmin can't vote. They wasn't meant to. I wouldn't sign that paper if you was to give me fifty cents. (Biggers comes in and gives him package.)

MARY—What's the matter with that coffee, Mr. Biggers? (Squire takes advantage of her question to leave hastily.)

B.—It wasn't nothin' to the Squire, but the rats had et that coffee a trifle, Mis' Mallory, and the old skinflint tried to jew me down a penny even then.

MARY—But, Mr. Biggers, that's awful to sell that stuff.

B.—Squire Tutt didn't mind, he was tickled to get it.

MARY—But poor Mrs. Tutt. She didn't deserve it. Ugh, it's disgusting.

B.—Well, that is so. I never tho't of S'manthy. But business is business.

Enter Eckto Carpus.

B.—Howdy, Uncle Eck, what can I do for you today?

E. C.—I like tuh git some chewin' tuhbacca, suh. Fifteen cents wuth, suh. (B. gets tobacco. Eck. puts down money.) And a five dohzen clo'es pins, suh, that's what mah ole women said, suh.

B.—Hey, Mame, git those clo'es pins out of the stock-room. (Mame throws down book she is reading and leaves.) What else Uncle Eck?

E. C.—An' a quahteh's wuth of sugah, suh. (Counts on his fingers.) There's tuhbacca, there's clo'es pins, there's sugah. That's all, suh. Mah ole woman just named them three fingehts, suh. There's the money.

(Mamie brings clothes pins, snapping one at Jim Wheatley as she passes, Jim dodges, then picks up the pin and proceeds to whittle at it. Mary advances on Uncle Eck as he is leaving. Biggers goes back to the stove and talks quietly with the loafers. Mamie resumes her book.)

MARY—Good morning, Uncle Eck.

E. C.—Why mornin', Miss Mallory, mornin'.

MARY—Uncle Eck, you lived in the South before the war, didn't you?

E. C.—W'y, yes, suah, Ah did, Miss Mallory. I use'

teh belong to Mass' Jim Carpus. Lawsy, but he was a niggah driveh. Lawsee! But I been votin' as good as he fuh nigh onto fifty yeahs, Miss Mallory.

MARY—Then, Uncle Eck, you know what it is not to be a voting citizen. Will you sign my petition for women suffrage?

E. C.—Women sufferage? Lawsee, Miss Mallory, what' dat?

MARY—Why, for women's votes, Uncle Eck, to let them be voting citizens just as you are.

E. C.—No ma'hm, no ma'hm, Ah cain't sign no such petition. Ah cain't sign it.

MARY—But, why not? Don't you think women know enough?

E. C.—Oh yes ma'hm, yes ma'hm, but Ah don't know nuff about it. Ah cain't sign it, ma'hm.

MARY—Well, will you take these books home and read up about it? Maybe you will be convinced.

E. C.—Well, I reckon I could tote them there. (Takes papers.) Mah old woman kin read it out to me. But Ah cain't sign that petition, Miss Mallory, Ah cain't write. (The last words are spoken as he backs toward the door and he goes out just after he finishes.)

MARY—Poor Uncle Eck! Well, he's lucky to have a wife who can read things out for him. That's one case where the woman has a voting representative all right. Those were the last of my pamphlets; I must go and get some more. Will you keep my things, Mamie? (Goes out hurriedly.)

B.—Well, don't it beat all what fool notions wimmin do git up. I wouldn't sign a petition for them to vote, well I guess not. Why, over in Poundville, in my cousin's grocery, the wimmin made him throw away a whole load of canned goods that he'd got extra cheap and was a makin' good money on. They wasn't nothin' the matter with 'em, except they was puffed out at the ends kinda round. Them

wimmin said they was "blown cans" and had spoilt and the gas inside had puffed 'em up that way. They made him throw the whole bunch in the river. Said some nonsense about the Poor Feed Law. If they can do that without votin', what couldn't they do with it? I don't sign no petition.

JIM W.—Ner me, neither. If my maw had her way, she'd shut up every saloon in town, an' where 'ud a thirsty body get a drink? Wimmin votin' 'ud spoil lots of good business, by Heck!

JOE N.—Most wimmen don't want to vote, anyhow. Oh say, Mame, do you want to vote or would yeh rather go to the show with me tomorrow night?

MAME—Oh gee, Joe, I'll go to the show. I ain't old enough to vote, nohow. Glory be, I'm just crazy about that show.

JOE—See, girls don't care about votin' at all. Let's go get the mail, Mame.

MAME—Can I go, Mr. Biggers?

B.—All right, Mame, but hurry back. (Mame and Joe leave.)

Enter Doctor Baines with suitcase.

B.—Hello, Doc, when did you get back? How was the convention?

DOC.—Howdy, Biggers, howdy. I just came back in my car. The convention was great. But we were so pestered with Women Suffrage delegates that medical matters got kind of pushed into the background. Women hadn't ought to vote, anyhow.

B.—Good land, Doc, are they everywhere? Mary Mallory's been here all mornin' pesterin' every man that comes in to sign her petition.

DOC.—Well, for evermore! I never listen to their arguments, all claptrap, women's logic, I suppose.

B.—Well, Mary Mallory is a good talker all right. She can out-talk most anybody.

DOC.—But they can't have any arguments. Why, nature never intended them to do a man's work, and voting is a man's work undoubtedly. Why, here she comes. I'll just stay and hear what the lady has to say.

Enter Mary with papers, which she drops hastily on the counter.

MARY—Why, Doctor Baines, I've just been wishing you were in town. I have a document here that needs your signature. Will you sign and come into the ranks of suffragists?

DOC.—My dear young lady, I certainly shall not. (Bows.) You are quite charming enough to influence the voters without possessing a vote also. I think that the indirect vote of the ladies is quite powerful enough for them.

MARY—Doctor, do you vote the way your wife tells you, always? Which side of the electric light bonds question did you take?

DOC.—I was emphatically against them. The old acetylene plant was perfectly adequate to the needs of Harvey. But what has that to do with the matter?

MARY—Nothing much, only Mrs. Baines wanted the lights to go through. She wasn't very well represented then.

DOC.—Well, yes, Mathilda was rather strong on that subject. But the bonds carried, confound them. That is another point, though. The husband and wife voting might simply nullify each other.

MARY—But, Doctor, the votes of twenty democrats will nullify the votes of twenty republicans, won't they? But that doesn't debar the democrats from voting.

DOC.—Well, no. But think of the additional cause for quarrelling between families; the divorces political squabbles might cause.

MARY—It hasn't proved that way. The judges in the suffrage states have yet to have the first divorce case reported in which political differences is the cause. This

pamphlet tells you all about it. Judges from Wyoming, Utah, Kansas, California (even Nevada) have reports here. (Gives him pamphlet.)

DOC.—Er—you don't say! But I really hadn't looked into the matter. Of course a great many women will vote as their husbands tell them to.

MARY—Oh, come, Doctor, you musn't contradict yourself. But even if I do concede you both those arguments, your last one isn't much better than the other. You have just said that men now vote according to the influence of their women folk; I cannot understand how women voting according to the influence of their men folk would be any worse. And there are enough intelligent women to make a good showing who possess convictions of their own, even if your pet argument is that men must get theirs from their wives.

DOC.—Young lady, hand me that petition and pencil before I cast any more slurs on my sex. I'm convinced right now and I want to sign before I can repent. (Writes and returns paper.) Well, I never expected this of myself. I guess women's logic is rather more forceful than I estimated. I wish you success with all my heart.

MARY—Why, thank you, Doctor. I was sure you wouldn't fail me. I do not believe you will repent. (Exit Doctor.) Thank goodness I've actually got one convert. And the Doctor is usually so obstinate.

B.—(From where he has been playing checkers with Jim W.)—Well, for Heck's sake, the Doc. has signed!

Enter Mamie with the mail, which she dumps on the counter.

MAMIE—Here's the mail. It's 'bout time for the next train.

JIM—Well, guess I better go see if she's on time. What 'd a body do if there wasn't trains to watch come and go? S' long, Biggers. (Exit.)

(Biggers opens mail. Mrs. Gabby and Tommy come in just as Jim goes out. Tommy makes a dive for basket of apples.)

MRS. GABBY—Tommy, let them alone. (To Mamie) I want to git some soap. Tommy! (Tommy eats apple) Put that down! (Tommy replaces apple and as soon as his mother isn't looking, takes another.) How do you sell soap today? Washin' soap, I mean. Tommy, come right here to your maw!

MAMIE—Six bars for a quarter, Lenox, and five of Rose White. Which'll you have.

(Mrs. Gabby reaches for Tommy, who dodges.)

MRS. G.—I guess I'll try Rose White. Tommy! Gimme a quarter's worth. (Turns and sees Mary.) Why, Mary Mallory, are you here yet? I been hearin' that you been askin' people to sign for votes for women all mornin'. Whatever is in your head?

Enter Rev. White, who trades quietly with Mamie.

MARY—Why, I think it is a duty of women to vote, Mrs. Gabby. Don't you?

MRS. G.—Land sakes, no! That's the one thing that men can do now, without women's help, and for goodness sake, let 'em go on doin' it. (Tommy disappears behind counter.) Women ought to stay at home and mind their children. Tommy! Why, where is that child? (Biggers, who has been reading his mail, jumps and yells.)

B.—Here he is, the young rascal! He stuck me with a pin! Oooh!

MRS. G.—Why, Tommy, you must never do that again. Come right away from here. You can carry the soap. Come on Tommy. (Goes out hurriedly.)

REV. WHITE (with packages, passing Mary, bowing)—A pleasant morning, Miss Mary.

MARY—Beautiful, Mr. White. Can you give me a little time now?

REV.—At your service, of course.

MARY—Are you willing to sign my petition for Woman Suffrage?

REV. (Surprised)—A petition for Woman Suffrage!

You asking that? Why, I had always thought of you as a womanly woman, not a modern masculine product!

MARY—And where is it not womanly, my friend?

REV.—Politics is no place for a woman. Her sphere is the home; the center and circumference of family life is in her keeping. The polls is no place for her womanly dignity. I cannot imagine my mother in a voting booth. She left the outside work to men, and kept her home a sacred place and holy. I would have all women do so.

MARY—Was your mother ever willing to have her children be in places which were not fit for her presence?

REV.—Why no, of course not.

MARY—Then I should think she would have objected to *your* voting if the polls were not fit for her. You say the home is woman's sphere, and you are right; it is so. But will you bound your home by four house walls? The industry of home making now includes the grocery, the bakery, the dry-goods store, for the physical needs of the home are no longer supplied from within; cooking and weaving and all the household ministry has gone into the hands of specialists, and she who makes the best home is she who best commands the services of these. The modern home is not self-sufficient. It must appeal to the community for existence. You cannot shut it within the picket fence around your little grass plot. In order, then, to accomplish that part of her business that lies outside her own yard, a woman must take part in the life of the city. And how can she do that effectively without a ballot.

REV.—There is something in what you say, Miss Mary. I had not thought of that.

MARY—You know, a great man said: "The home is where the heart is." And where is a mother's heart but with her children? They go out into the world where she has no power to safeguard them—where they most need her care. They must appeal to law for aid or safety. Why not let her follow them and aid them still? Let the law rep-

resent her thought and great care for them, her children, as well as the give-and-take code of men.

REV.—You are right. It would be worth while. Give me the paper. (Signs.) I thank you for giving me the opportunity.

MARY—I am glad to have given it. It is almost noon. I must be going home for dinner.

REV.—I am going your way. I will go with you. (Exeunt together.)

B.—Well, by Heck, she's convinced the Doc and the Preacher, and the Professor was already in favor of it. I reckon I'll have to take some of them books home and read 'em over. You kin keep store till I git back from dinner, Mamie. (Exit.)

(Mamie takes out hand mirror and powder puff and powders her nose. Picks up novel and throws it down. Finally grasps suffrage pamphlet and opens it.)

MAMIE—Well, if everybody is goin' to read this stuff I guess I better, too. Glory, I wonder how it would feel to vote? Reads.)

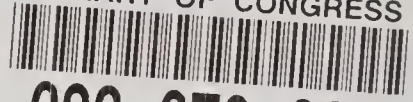
(Curtain)

WE'LL WIN, PEOPLE

(Air: "Good Night, Ladies.")

We'll win, people; we'll win, people;
We'll win, people;
We're going to win our cause.
Merrily we'll capture votes, capture votes,
Capture votes,
Merrily we'll capture votes
On Election Day!

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